

Your Happiness Your Health

Is seriously in danger
unless your blood is
rich, red and pure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier
Prominently in the Public Eye.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

PERSONAL POINTS.

THE Akron Democrat says Senator Quay carries the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit in his pocket.

UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR BAYARD has promised to deliver the annual address in the autumn to the Edinburgh Philosophical Society.

REV. LUCIUS R. PAIGE, LL.D., of Cambridge, Mass., thinks that he is the oldest living free mason in the United States. He is ninety-four years of age.

A WELL-REASONED old couple were recently wedded in Coal Run, Ky. The groom was Levi Thornbury, aged eighty-one, and the bride was Mrs. Linda Fidler, aged eighty-five. Each had been married five times previously.

HARRIS HILTON, of Havre de Grace, Md., was assisted in the recent celebration of her one hundredth birthday by one hundred and fifty-two children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren.

W. T. DAVIS, of Plymouth, Mass., has returned from his mission to Scrooby, England, where he went to set up a tablet to mark the site of old Scrooby manor, where the pilgrims held their first meetings.

HERMAN SIMMONDS, JR., the son of wealthy and aristocratic New Jersey people, has created a sensation by marrying the daughter of a hod-carrier. Simmonds' brother is engaged to marry Maud Peixoto, daughter of President Peixoto, of Brazil.

IVAN II. of Prussia was known as The Terrible, from the barbarous character of the warfare he made upon the surrounding nations and the severity with which he dealt with rebellious subjects.

The average duration of human life in European countries is greatest in Sweden and Norway, and lowest in Italy and Austria.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

COLE'S NEW DOMESTIC COFFEE BERRY



Raise your own coffee at less than one cent a pound. Let high land coffee coffee. The best man's friend and rich man's delight. Makes coffee or tea in ten minutes. Just set your cup to the 20th of June 30,000 farmers supplied and every one profited. Has produced over 600 bushels per acre. Some prefer to grow coffee. Produces two crops a year in the south. Large bush will yield 50 lbs. of coffee to plant. 2000 little 50 cts. or 1000 large 1.00. Will make 2000 cups of best delicious coffee. Good enough for a king. Is superior to any coffee as fast as it merits income. Known. Take catalogue of 500 new varieties of seeds and testimonials from patrons all over the Union sent free with each order by

C. E. COLE, Seedman,
Buckner, Missouri.

127 Special Wholesale Prices to Farmers and Merchants, who order direct from our office, selling this new method of seed during winter.

OPIMUM AND WHISKY HABITS CURED

Best Cough Syrup, Croup Syrup, Whooping Cough Syrup, etc.



THE SPECTRE

BY THOMAS HARDY

A certain March night of this present "waning age" had settled down upon the woods and the park and the parsonage of Ambrose Towers. The harsh stable clock struck a quarter to ten. Thereupon a girl in light evening attire and wraps came through the entrance hall, opened the front door and the small wrought-iron gate beyond it which led to the terrace, and stepped into the moonlight. Such a person, such a night and such a place were unexceptionable materials for a scene in that poetical drama of two which the world has often beheld; which leads up to a contract that causes a slight sinking in the poetry, and a perceptible lack of interest in the play.

She moved so quietly that the alert birds stirred in the great cedar tree never stirred. Flitting across its funeral shadow over many yards of turf, as far as to the Grand Walk, whose pebbles shone like the floor-stones of the Apocalypse city, she paused and looked back at the old brick walls—red in the daytime, sable now—at the shrouded millions, the silhouette of the tower, though listening rather than seeing seemed her object in coming to the pause. The clammy wings of a bat brushed past her face, startling her and making her shiver a little. The stamping of one or two horses in their stalls surprised her by its distinctness and isolation. The servants' offices were on the other side of the house, and the lady who, with the exception of the girl on the terrace, was its sole occupant, was resting on a sofa behind one of the curtained windows. So Rosalys went on her way unseen, trod the margin of the lake, and plunged into the distant shrubberies.

The clock had reached ten. As the last stroke of the hour rang out a young man scrambled down the sunk fence bordering the pleasure-ground, leaped the iron railing within, and joined the girl who stood awaiting him. In the half light he could not see how her full underlip trembled or the fire of joy that kindled in her eyes. But perhaps he guessed from daylight experiences, since he passed his arm round her shoulders with assurance and kissed her rosy mouth many times. Her head still resting against his arms, they walked towards a bench, the rough outlines of which were



"DEAR JIM, YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BE VEXED."

touched at one end only by the moon's rays. At the dark end the pair sat down.

"I cannot come again," said the girl.

"Oh?" he vaguely returned. "This is new. What has happened? I thought you said your mother supposed you to be working at your Harmony, and would never imagine our meeting here?" The voice sounded just a trifle hard for a lover's.

"No, she would not. And I still detect deceiving her. I would do it for no one but you, Jim. But what I meant was this: I feel that it can all lead to nothing. Mother is not a bit more worldly than most people, but she naturally does not want her only child to marry a man who has nothing but the pay of an officer in the line to live upon. At her death (you know she has only a life interest here) I should have to go away unless my mother, who somehow chooses to take me to stay with him. I have no fortune of my own beyond a mere pittance. Two hundred a year.

Jim's reply was something like a sneer at the absent lady: "You may as well add to the practical objection the sentimental one, that she wouldn't allow you to change your fine old crust name for mine, which is merely the older name of the little freeholder turned out of this spot by your ancestor when he came."

"Dear, dear Jim, don't say those horrid things! As if I had ever even thought of that for a moment!"

He shook her hand off impatiently and walked out into the moonlight. Certainly as far as physical outline went he might have been the direct product of a line of Paladins or hereditary Crusaders. He was tall, straight of limb, with an aquiline nose, and a mouth fitfully scornful. Rosalys sat almost motionless watching him. There was no mistaking the ardor of her feelings; her power over him seemed to be lessened by his consciousness of his influence upon the lower and weaker side of her nature. It

gratified him as a man to feel it; and though she was beautiful enough to satisfy the senses of the critical, there was perhaps something of contempt interwoven with his love. His victory had been too easy, too complete.

"Dear Jim, you are not going to be vexed? It really isn't my fault that I can't come out here again! Mother will be downstairs to-morrow, and then she might take it into her head to look at any time into the schoolroom and see how the Harmony gets on."

"And you are going off to London soon?" said Jim, still speaking gloomily.

"I am afraid so. But couldn't you come there too? I know your leave is not up for a great many weeks."

He was silent for longer than she had ever known him at these times. Rosalys left her seat on the bench and threw her arms impulsively round him.

"I can't go away unless you will come to London when we do, Jim!"

"I will; but on one condition."

"What condition? You frighten me!"

"That you will marry me when I do join you there."

The quick breath that heaved in Rosalys' chest silently, and she held on to the rustic bench with one hand, a trembling being apparent in her garments.

"You really—mean it, Jim, darling?"

He swore that he did; that life was quite unendurable to him as he then experienced it. When she was once his wife nothing would come between them; but of course the marriage need not be known for a time—indeed need not. He could not take her abroad. The climate of Burma would be too trying for her; and, besides, they really would not have enough to live upon.

"Couldn't we get on as other people do?" said Rosalys, trying not to cry at these arguments. "I am so tired of concealment, and I don't like to marry privately! It seems to me, much as I love being with you, that there is a sort of well-vulgarity in our clandestine meetings, as we now enjoy them. Therefore, how should I ever have strength enough to hide the fact of my being your wife, to face my mother day after day with the shadow of this secret between us?"

For all answer Jim kissed her, and stroked her silky brown curls.

"I suppose I shall end in agreeing with you—I always do," she said, her

belong absolutely to Jim, be his alone, through all the eternities, as it seemed; and of what account was anything else in the world? The entirely physical character of his affection for her, and perhaps of hers for him, was an unaccounted element here, which might not render less transitory the most transitory of sweet things. Thus hopefully she stepped out of the commonplace home that would, in one sense, be hers no more.

The raw wind whistled up the street, and deepened the color on her face. She was plainly dressed in gray, and wore a rather thick veil, natural to the dusty day; it could not, however, conceal the sparkle of her eyes; veils, even thick ones, happily, never do. Hailing a hansom she told the driver to take her to the corner of the Embankment.

In the midst of her preoccupation she noticed as the cab turned the corner out of Eaton place that the bony chestnut horse went lame. Rosalys was superstitious as well as tender-hearted, and she deemed that some stroke of ill-luck might befall if she drove to be married behind a suffering animal. She alighted and paid off the man, and in her excitement gave him three times his fare. Hurrying forward on foot she heard her name called, and received a cordial greeting from a tall man with gray whiskers, in whom she recognized Mr. Durrant, Jim's father. It occurred to her for a second that he might have discovered the plot and have lain in wait to prevent it. However, he spoke in his



AFTER TO-DAY SHE WOULD BELONG TO JIM.

usual half-respectful, half-friendly tones, not noticing her frightened face. Mr. Durrant was a busy man. Besides holding several very important land agencies in the county where Rosalys lived, he had business in the city to transact at times. He explained to Miss Ambrose that some urgent affairs he was supervising for a client of his, Lord Parkhurst, had now brought him up to London for a few weeks.

"Lord Parkhurst is away?" she asked, to say something. "I hear of him sometimes through his uncle, Col. Laey."

"Yes. A thorough sailor. Mostly afloat," Mr. Durrant replied. "Well—we're rather out of the way in Porchester terrace. Otherwise my wife would be so pleased if you would come to tea, Miss Ambrose? My son Jim, lazy young beggar, is up here now, too—going to plays and parties. Well, well, it's natural he should like to amuse himself before he leaves for Burma, poor boy. Are you looking for a hansom? Yes? Hi!" and he waved his stick.

"Thank you so much," said Miss Ambrose. "And I will tell mamma where you and Mrs. Durrant are staying."

She was surprised at her own composure. Her unconscious father-in-law elect helped her into the cab, took off his hat, and walked rapidly away. Rosalys felt her heart stand still when she drew up at the place of meeting. She saw Jim, very blooming and very well dressed, awaiting her, outwardly calm, at any rate. He jumped into her vehicle and they drove on citywards.

"You are only ten minutes late, dearest," he said. "Do you know, I was half afraid you might have failed me at the last moment?"

"You don't believe it, Jim?"

"Well, I sometimes think I ought not to expect you to keep engagements with me so honestly as you do. Good, brave little Rosalys!"

They moved on through the press of struggling omnibuses, cabs and vans, covered carts, and foot-passengers, who darted at imminent risk of their lives and the medley of wheels, horses and shouting drivers. The noise jarred Rosalys' head, and she began to be feverishly anxious.

The church stood in the neighborhood of a great meat market, and the pavement was crowded by men in blue linen blouses, their clothes sprinkled with crimson stains. The young girl gave a shiver of disgust. "How revolting it must be to have a butcher for a husband! They can't have heard him other men? What a gloomy part of London this is to be married in, Jim."

"Ah—yes! Everything looks gloomy with the east wind blowing. Now, here we are! Jump out, little woman!"

He handed money to the driver, who went off with the most cursory thoughts of the part that he had played in this little excursion of a palpitating pair into the unknown.

"Jim, darling, oughtn't you, for one of us, to have lived here for fifteen days?" she said, as they entered the fine old Norman porch, to which she was quite blind in her preoccupation.

Durrant laughed. "I have declared that I did," he answered, coolly. "I hope in the circumstances that it's a forgivable lie. Cheer up, Rosalys; don't all of a sudden look so solemn!"

They had some time to wait before the cheryman, condescended to come out of the vestry and perform the ceremony which was to unite her to Jim. Two or three other couples were also in the church on the same errand; a haggard woman in a tawdry white bonnet hanging on to the arm of a short, crimson-faced man, who had evidently been replenishing his inside with gin to nerve himself to the required pitch for the ordeal; a girl with a coarse, hard face, accompanied by a slender youth in shabby black; a tall man of refined aspect, in very poor clothes, whose hollow cough shook his thin shoulders and chest, and told his bride that her happiness, such as it was, would probably last but the briefest space.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

ROYAL BURNAMES.

SOLIMAN I., sultan of Turkey, was styled The Magnificent, on account of the splendor of his clothing. On state occasions he is said to have worn a million dollars' worth of diamonds.

ALFONSO I. of Austria was The Catholic on account of his devotion to the church. The same title was bestowed upon Ferdinand II. of Aragon, and upon Isabella of Castile.

PEDRO of Castile was designated The Cruel, on account of his barbarity to prisoners taken in battle, who were fortunate if they were put to death at once without torture.

THE reigning sovereign of Persia is always called by his subjects The Red King, from the color of his turban. A red turban is, in Persia, the distinguishing mark of royalty.

HENRY MEILHAC, who wrote the libretto of "La Grande Duchesse" and "La Belle Helene," and Robert Planquette, the composer of "The Chimes of Normandy," are about to put Rosalys' masterpiece on the stage in a new opera called "Panurge."

TAMANO is building himself a little opera house on his estate at Vars, and has commissioned an Italian composer to write an opera for the opening.

SIR JOSEPH LISTER, the great surgeon, is the new president of the British association which will meet next year at Liverpool.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has unequalled as a cough medicine.—F. M. ARBUTT, 333 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

Is it might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of the church and state.—Bacon.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price 75c.

CIVILITY costs nothing, but buys everything.—Lady M. W. Montague.

VERSE sweetens toll, however rude the sound.—Gifford.

The nervous system is weakened by the

Neuralgia Torture.

Every nerve is strengthened in the cure of it by

SAINT CAROL'S OIL

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

"32 Times a Year."

THERE are few famous writers in Great Britain or the United States who have not already contributed to The Youth's Companion, but some illustrious recruits have been found, who, collaborating with the old favorites, will enable its editors to make the paper notably brilliant during the coming year.

Statesmen, poets, famous scientists and travellers, eminent lawyers and delightful story-writers will provide entertainment and instruction for our friends and subscribers in a richer measure than ever before.

Our Distinguished Contributors.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------|
| The Princess Louise. | The Dean of Salisbury. |
| The Marquis of Lorne. | Bishop Cleveland Cox. |
| The Lord Chief Justice of England. | Bishop Doane. |
| Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. | Sir Edwin Arnold. |
| The Secretary of the U. S. Navy. | Camille Flammarion. |
| The Secretary of the Interior. | Justin McCarthy. |
| The Secretary of Agriculture. | Admiral Stevens. |
| Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes. | Admiral Markham. |
| W. H. Russell of The London Times. | Admiral Elliot. |
| Frank R. Stockton. | Charles Dickens. |
| W. Clark Russell. | Archibald Forbes. |
| General Nelson A. Miles. | F. D. Millet. |
| Hon. Thomas B. Reed. | Andrew Carnegie. |
- And More Than One Hundred Others.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 207 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Send Check, Post-Office or Express Order, or Registered Letter, at Our Risk.

a health signal.

The baby's mission, its work in life, is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort. Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good-nature, baby-beauty.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the best fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth. For the growing child it is growth. For the full-grown, new life.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

RUINED BY PIE.

Love for This Pastry Barred Him Out of the Fulfillment of His Duty. A most singular case is now in the courts at Kingston, in this state. A young man living there was lately found to be a forger, and when he confessed he said he was driven to the crime by an unquenchable gluttony for mince pie. To satisfy his craving he had forged the signature of a wealthy man to a note for one thousand dollars, and had got the paper discounted, says the Buffalo Courier.

With the proceeds he went on a mince-pie spree, and had consumed sixty dollars' worth of this pastry before he was arrested.

According to his story his extraordinary liking for mince pie began to show itself when he was a boy. He seemed even then to feel that there was something abnormal in his appetite, for he went voluntarily to Bloomington asylum in the hope of being cured of his gluttony. After he came out he believed he was cured and began to study for the ministry. But in a fatal hour, about two years later, the mania for pie came upon him with irresistible power. He broke into the housekeeper's closet in the Auburn Theological seminary, where he was a student, and gorged himself with mince pie. His relapse so preyed upon him that he went to the faculty, and they advised him, he says, to drop his studies, as it would be detrimental to the ministerial calling for him to enter it with such a fatal appetite for mince pie. He would be likely to suffer a seizure of his mania at a supper in the church parlors or at the table of one of his flock, and create an unforgettable scandal. He took the advice of the faculty and went to peddling clothes-wringers and bed springs, but his mania was now so deep seated that he subordinated everything to his craving. He developed an unusual cunning for stealing mince pie, or in getting the money with which to purchase it. "I would be tempted," said he, "and fall; go to a restaurant and eat a pie and a half or two pies. I became as helpless a victim to the mince pie habit as the drunkard is to the drink habit. Sometimes I have pawned my overcoat or my watch when I have seen an uncommonly luscious pie in a window and have not had enough ready money to buy it."

Then came the forging of the note and the pie orgy which ended in his arrest. After hearing his story a commission was appointed to inquire into his sanity, and it is likely that, instead of being sent to a penitentiary, he will be placed in a lunatic asylum. He is described as a thin, nervous-looking man with a wild expression, which is disappointing, for many a man of New England ancestry would be glad to cultivate this innamy if it would not spoil his complexion and keep him awake nights.

SOME LOG CABIN NOTES.

DE man what sings de loudest in church throws his head so far back dat he can't see de collection basket when it comes erlong.

SOME folks is so fond er huntin' trouble dat dey can't enjoy a mess er honey fo' thinkin' what might happen er de bee had stung 'em.

DE road ter Heaven is so narrow dat some folks done come ter de conclusion dat dey ain't room enough fo' two at a time.

SOME folks spend half de day waitin' fer de train, when dey might er took de big road an' beat it by six hours.

WHEN you heah a man sayin' dat dis is a hard world, ten chances ter one he's broke his leg tryin' ter fly, when he orter been walkin'.—Frank L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.



Remarkable Offer!

Free to Jan. 1, 1896.

New Subscribers who will cut out this coupon and send it AT ONCE with name and address, and \$1.75, will receive

FREE

Our Handsome 4-page Calendar, lithographed in 14 colors. Retail price 20c.

FREE

The Youth's Companion every week till January 1, 1896.

FREE

The Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers.

And The Companion

32 Weeks.

A Full Year to January, 1897.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 207 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Send Check, Post-Office or Express Order, or Registered Letter, at Our Risk.

A HEALTH SIGNAL



perfect health, comfort, good-nature, baby-beauty.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the best fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth. For the growing child it is growth. For the full-grown, new life.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

THE RISING SUN

For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH is cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Trade Mark, Frank, Carlton, Mass., U.S.A.

"JONES HE PAYS THE FREIGHT" Farm and Wagon SCALES.

United States Standard. All Sizes and All Kinds. Not made by any other or under the name of a combination. For Free Book and Price List, address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y., U.S.A.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS Please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.